

Fashion's Caprices At Newport

Many New Things For Feminine Adornment

DEAREST DOROTHY—One more week has passed, and I am again at Newport. I cannot begin to tell you how thoroughly enjoyable was the cruise of the New York Yacht club, for every day was fraught with pleasurable diversion, but I will speak of pretty gowns and otherwise beautiful raiment the women are wearing. The weather was so uncertain that it demanded

with roses, bright pink and black, railed on one side as an egret. One was in harmony in palest mauve and blue, with a fluffiness of tulle and great open blossoms, pale mauve and violet and azure blue; another was a mass of hydrangeas in shades of mauve, blue lilac and pink, while a third gorgeous bit of coloring had white and orange lilies and black lilies caught in black

old rose chiffon over satin, both as pretty as the flowers that bloom in May.

I almost forgot to speak of the pretty bolero, which, by the way, are narrower this year. Leather belts are outcasts, and ribbon, silk, satin and velvet have stepped into their places, having as inseparable companions small jeweled clasps instead of buckles.

There came my way the other day, on a very slight girl, with dark hair and a pale face, a wonderful dress of the new shot linen in the mysterious colors of the opal. It looked like silk, only there was no actual shine about it, and, of course, when no one can afford a really expensive dress, one of the new linens is the choice that should be made. This particular model must have been built by a real artist of the scissors. It was cut "en princesse," and yet the bodice pouted a little. The trimming was made of irregularly disposed groups of green lace tulle, beautifully stitched in, though exactly how I could not see. Lace coats are

Fate In a Teacup.

An Amusing, if Senseless, Diversion For Summer Afternoons.

READING fate in the stars or in the hand may be a very interesting operation, but there are so many amateur palmists that the girl who goes in for novelty and only that nowadays wants something else with which to rivet the attention of the crowd on the summer hotel veranda. Card for-

throw light on the intentions of the romantic ones who are objects of gossip is apt to become popular.

If the seeress is a nice girl, and of course all summer girls are nice, she can help her chums considerably by the judiciousness with which she deals out her oracles to the fair ones and their attendant swains. Then, if there is an unpopular woman at the hotel, what a chance the fortune teller has to make her ridiculous! Widows are generally the most unpopular type at summer resorts, for they have a way of calmly appropriating all the men in sight, even though their allegiance is elsewhere pledged. Then the widow has such a superior way of talking to the eligible damsels and such an inferior way of sowing trouble between men and maids whenever it is to her own advantage. The girl who can tell fortunes has revenge in her own hands.

Now, to tell fortunes with teacups is very simple, but the girl who is shrewd will pretend that it is not, for, like the flower that grew in the poet's garden, much admires when rare, when every one could raise it, it was regarded only as a weed.

Suppose the group is sitting, sipping its cups of Oolong or Young Hyson on the veranda. The girl who reads the future tips her cup up a little when the last drop of tea has disappeared from the fragile shell and remarks: "Dear me! I'm going on a journey!"

"Oh! Are you?" somebody will say. "Yes, I read it in the teacup," should be the careless answer, and then there will be a general chorus:

"Oh, can you tell fortunes with teacups?" And every woman who is present and a large proportion of the men will poke their cups under the eyes of the gifted girl.

Of course a cup in which there has been coffee or chocolate or cocoa will do just as well, but the summer girl is always for her own benefit as much as for that of those about her, and she prefers the easiest and most satisfactory way. It is more comfortable and more picturesque to pose in the great wicker chair at the end of the veranda, with a romantic background of hills or sea than to sit at a breakfast table or dinner table, doing out the future when people are anxious to get away to their various recreations.

In selecting a first victim always take some one who will be generally interesting—the prettiest girl, the popular heiress, the principal in the most ardent flirtation. The consulting victim must hand to the seeress the cup from which she has been drinking. The best cup for fortune telling is a white china one. If it does not contain enough grounds, let the questioner of fate pour some more in from the teapot. When enough grounds have been added, the fortune teller must take it up and swing it three times around her head; this is to spread the grounds into a picture. The cup should then be inverted on the saucer to drain away superfluous moisture.

The first thing likely to be noticed in the picture will be lines. A number of straight lines, long or short, indicate a long life and happy old age. Straight, long lines always prognosticate tranquillity, while wavy lines denote vexations and losses in proportion to their length. Shall circles prophesy engagement rings; if initials can be made out near the ring, they are the initials of the future husband or wife. Larger circular figures relate to money. Triangles, large or small, typify towns, villages or places of residence, an initial near them indicating the name. Squares betoken protection from danger, peace and happiness; oblong figures signify family quarrels. If only one oblong figure appears it announces the arrival of a letter. If the oblong is in the clear part of the cup, it presages the arrival of good news; in the clouded part it means bad news. If dots surround the oblong, it will bring money. A love letter is anticipated by the proximity to it of a heart or a single dot.

Two circles connected by a line advises one that expected money will be delayed; if this line be broken, it portends treachery in money matters. Flowers, a trefoil or a bouquet are lucky signs; they are auspicious of the speedy accomplishment of wishes.

An anchor or chain brings good luck, success in business; the higher in the cup they are the sooner the good fortune will arrive, the lower down the longer it will be delayed.

BITES OF INSECTS—TO TREAT THEM.

DURING the summer the appearance and comfort of even a healthy skin is often interfered with by the bites and stings of insects. The far famed kissing bug, which made such a sensation, has attracted special interest to remedies for such misfortunes.

No summer resort is altogether free from these worst of summer pests, mosquitoes. The best remedy for the bite of the mosquito is carbonate of soda. Witch hazel is another good remedy.

The reason there is a painful swelling after the bite of a bug, flea or fly is owing to the insect having been preying on some mortifying, poisonous matter and some of the poison is left in the flesh, that swells as it would were any other poison injected. When we remember the minute size of a bacterium—the one hundred-thousandth part of an inch—we can well understand how myriads of these may cling to the mouth of the tiny staphylin. When with its sharp oral apparatus it pierces the skin of a human victim, one or more of these bacteria reach the blood, causing violent inflammation and eventually mortification.

If bitten by an insect and the inflammation does not yield to the use of witch hazel and such household remedies, a physician should be consulted, for fear of blood poisoning.

For snake bites the best remedy is whisky. Any one who tramps about the woods should be supplied with a flask of whisky and, if ever bitten by a snake, should drink as quickly as possible a quantity of whisky. There should be no delay about this, as even a few seconds' delay may mean death, if there is no whisky or other remedy at hand, suck out the poison from the wound, spitting it out of the mouth at once, of course. Every effort should be made to prevent the poison from getting into the system. The whisky may effect the steadiness of your locomotion, but the shock of the poison to the heart must be neutralized by some other agent; hence the whisky, although an abnormally large dose may be necessary, will under such circumstances do no harm.

Ray Scott Ryland.

The New Fluted Hat.



Among millinery novelties of the season are hats with fluted rims. These are usually of some light and airy material and are trimmed with the most filmy fabrics and flowers.

If there are not enough figures in the cup, the fortune may be tested a second, or even a third time, a few spoonfuls of liquid being put into the cup, after which it is swung around the head and inverted. To try more than three times will do no good, as a forced fortune will not come true.

A single line quite detached from the picture is an omen of a journey. If the line be broken, branched or intercepted by other figures, there will be obstacles to the trip. A straight line always augurs a successful journey.

Although the ring hints at a prospective marriage, if it should be quite at the bottom of the cup, the engagement will be broken. Crosses of any kind suggest death or misfortune. Few shapes and pictures promise an uneventful life.

Reptiles forebode treachery; quadrupeds trouble; birds are good omens. A serpent in the cup is one of the worst signs to be found. A human figure or any article of clothing denotes a visitor.

LAURA FIELD.

Gowns of Prominent Women.

While in India, Lady Curzon is endeavoring to advance the social prestige of the Lari family through her position as vicereine of India. It is interesting to learn that the Marchioness of Dufferin, the most popular vicereine India ever had, is working quietly in England to better the condition of the women of India, in whom she has never ceased to take an interest. Unlike the daughter of the Chicago dry goods merchant, Lady Dufferin went to India with no Paris gowns for her family and that of her husband, while one of the most distinguished in Great Britain are land poor. Lady Dufferin, although not endowed with gold, is the possessor of talents that have made her one of the most remarkable women of the time. The Marquis of Dufferin is said to be one of the ablest diplomats of his time. Much of his success is due to his brilliant wife, famous as a wit and social leader. He has acted as governor general of Canada, vice regent of India and ambassador to all the great courts in the world. The diplomat is a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. His wife, who was a famous Irish beauty, one of the Hamiltons, is said to be in spite of her years one of the most fascinating women in England. The recent fete given by the marchioness at Blackheath for the benefit of the Dufferin fund for supplying medical aid to the women of India was honored by the presence of the Duchess of York.



The Marchioness of Dufferin being a great favorite not only with Queen Victoria, but with all the royal family. During the fete the marchioness and the Duchess of York were photographed together. The result is reproduced herewith. The duchess, who also gives up a great deal of her time to charity, was, as she always is, beautifully dressed. Her gown being a pale sea green broche with a bodice of lace silk muslin and chiffon ruching. On her head she wore a toque of old gold and damask rose. The marchioness, who is noted for the quiet elegance and good taste of her gowns, was attired in black figured net over Savoy blue chiffon. Her bonnet was of blue chiffon and flowers. Lady Terrence Blackwood, the daughter-in-law of the marchioness, is an American girl, having been Miss Flora Davis, daughter of a New York millionaire.

Summer Morning Gowns.

Simplicity for outdoor gowns and plenty of lace and ribbons is the standard for the late summer morning garment. The deep collar of the negligee gown is usually trimmed with double or triple rows of lace insertion, the collar covering well nigh the entire bodice. The outdoor gown for morning is a simple skirt with a soft, loose bodice belted in at the waist and a short fancy jacket of flannel for damp or chilly days. These jackets are finished with fancy revers and short sleeves having a deep source of embroidery or gimpure.

quite a variety of hats; then, too, we were on shore a good deal, which fact called for still more hats. The women, as usual, were equal to the occasion, and I've never seen leveler cheeks. Those with fluted brims appealed to me most strongly. One of pale green chiffon, with a choux of water lilies planted directly in front under a pliable black straw crown, suggested a thought of its becomingness to you. Any made and wore it. You should certainly have one like this. You can buy the chiffon already plaited, which is half the battle. It will take five yards of plaiting and eight of "loulou" straw to construct it. Get a wire frame with a low crown and broad brim. Put two rows of chiffon on top of the brim and one beneath, tacking ruffles together every two inches. Sew the brim into crown shape. This done, fit it to the pattern by box plaits. Choose three full blown blossoms and twice as many buds, with long, deep green stems, which will twine about your crown, thereby concealing where it and the brim meet.

A new girl wore a "pompadour" in hand sewed straw, with a softness of pale blue and white chiffon bedecked in blue and white plumes. The French people say that when a woman is "bien coiffe" she need not trouble about the rest of her appearance. I felt this to be undeniably true when I gazed around me. I perceived that even the most ordinarily dressed woman in our midst could be elevated from the commonplace by wearing a smart hat. Along with the newly named chapeau "pompadour" was introduced the latest mode of hairdressing. Part your hair in the middle and wave over a small roll at either side. Permit a few soft curls to escape and fall low on the forehead. Gather the back into a loose, flat coil, with one long or two short curls dangling from the left side.

I never saw such beautiful coloring as was in some of the big hats; so many were in various shades of beige and sunburned straw, and one of these was wreathed with yellow and white Argem lilies, with beautiful green leaves, while another had a wreathing of rose leaves, deep, rich brown and green,

tulle on sunburned straw. There is quite a rage now for these black flowers, and a delightful hat of black tulle had jet lilies and gauzy black butterflies as its only adornment. The hats made of nothing but tulle are quite lovely, and one of these has the tulle all run in neat little tufts, with a lining of sparrow egg blue tulle and blue tulle and black rolled tightly together round the crown and fastened up in a big bow, with jet pins. Knowing, as you do, my weakness, I need not apologize for my enthusiasm over the lovely creations of the milliner's art which I have just reviewed.

The evening frock's opportunity came when we attended a hop at the Larchmont club. There were some new models, which were simply fascinating. One of the prettiest was of pale green blue chiffon, with an overskirt of gold embroidered net and a sash of mauve chiffon. Then there was a spotted red and white satin foulard, with a little inner chemise of insertion and muslin and a collar of the palest azure blue. And there also were some dainty little frocks of wash silk and muslin, as well as the prettiest blouses of chiffon and point lace, the latter worn by some of our boating crowd, who preferred strolling by moonlight to waiting. Here, also, I saw a duplicate of Consuelo Vanderbilt, duchess of Marlborough's Astor ball gown—white muslin embroidered in silver swallows.

I had a peep into my neighbor's Gladstone bag as I passed her cabin the other morning. It was filled with wondrously beautiful lingerie fresh from Paris. Simplicity is now the thing, and there were not only the prettiest robes de nuit covered with emblems and lace, but, what is the newest thing, a little nightgown of batiste, with only an embroidered collar and cuffs. There were also all sorts and shapes of "couvre corsets"—some of silk, with the fronts a mass of lace and insertion, with tiny little silk tufts, and others of batiste and insertion. There were also a tea jacket of pink crepe de chine and a tea gown of

being sent out with cotton frocks. The combination sounds wrong, but it looks pretty.

I thought I had exhausted the jewelry subject, but remembering that old treasure box of yours in our attic, I'll talk some more on the topic in order to inspire you to empty its contents in my lap. I notice how fervently cabochon gems are being worn, set in the long neck chains, and also that big crook earrings are coming in. Those who first of all wear noticeable jewels like these are the ones to "score." The craze usually spreads too quickly to make it worth while for most well dressed people to take it up. A word to the wise is sufficient, and I shall hope for the small key by Wednesday's boat.

Make yourself a stole if you would be "up to date." It is easily done and is a very charming neck novelty. It is cut exactly like its namesake, the church vestment, and is made of all over lace, with edges filled in ribbon, velvet or gauze. One of these worn over a plain jacket will improve its appearance materially. I am much pleased with the idea and am wearing a black lace stole trimmed with white satin ribbon cool afternoons in lieu of my feather boa.

I mean to astonish the natives at Narragansett Pier in a few weeks with my guimpe frocks and surplice bodices. Comfort is at last triumphant, and we need no longer suffer in silence the torture of high collars or stiffened stock, but may decide on exposed necks, from which a sailor collar turns away or dainty muffs folds to free the throat.

I had a gossip letter from Miss Fanny Betty, who has conquered an aut machine, her dignified mamma's prejudices and papa's purse within a week. She's not half slow, is she?

I understand Felice arrived Saturday with her numerous boxes, one devoted entirely to her belongings, which are sure to be smarter than the smartest, so have the trap meet me a week from today. Affectionately,

DAISY MAY.

Newport, R. I.

Women Who Work.

Miss Sibyl Carter is doing for the Indian women of the United States what Lady Aberdeen did for those of Ireland and Queen Margherita for those of Italy in teaching them the art of lace-making as a means of self support.

Dr. Mary Breese was lately appointed city health officer by the board of aldermen of Lemart, Ia. She is the first woman in the state to hold that office. The appointment caused consid-

erable excitement, as the voters had emphatically refused to elect a woman on the school board only two weeks previously. It is now claimed that a woman is ineligible to the office in Iowa.

In the will of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, late superintendent of the women's prison at Sherborn, which has been filed for probate, the principal bequest is one which will amount to \$10,000 or

more to the city of Boston. The amount is to be used for the erection of a drinking fountain for man and beast to be inscribed: "A Gift to the City of Boston, in Memory of Jesse C. Johnson, by Ellen C. Johnson."

Miss Katherine Adams has been elected on the board of trustees of Rockford college, Illinois, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her father, John Quincy Adams of Chicago.

Lady Evelyn Scott, who makes the most delectable bonbons and gives the money she gains by their sales to charities, has practically suggested a new industry to gentlemen.

Much is to be hoped from the declaration made by Ambassador Choate that he will continue the fight in behalf of Mrs. Florence Maybrick until she is released or until his term expires.

Mrs. Thankful A. Price of Cortland, N. Y., has left \$3,000 and a valuable farm in Cortland county to Syracuse university for scholarships.

Miss Clara R. Adams, ex-president of the 1894 club of Lynn, was one of the three founders of the Young People's

Christian union, which, beginning ten years ago with 15 members, now numbers 25,000, and at the national convention held in Lynn, Miss Adams, who has served on many important committees, gave a fine historical address.

The sisterhood of women was finely exemplified the other day, when, on leaving the prison after a long visit to her husband, Miss Dreyfus was greeted by 25 society women of the city, who had assembled to testify their sympathy with her.

Probably the first traveling scholar-

ship ever awarded to a designer will be competed for in 1900. Mr. P. A. B. Widener has endowed it in connection with the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, and the successful competitor will study in London and Paris.

Miss Elizabeth Cugley, probably the oldest woman telegrapher in the world in point of service, has abandoned the force of seven operators at Union station, Harrisburg, Pa., in which office she has received messages for 25 years.

Miss Frankie Florman of Rapid City, S. D., has discovered what Attila might not believe to be the greatest quartz mine in Alaska and British Columbia. It contains of an ore vein from 250 to 600 feet in width and nearly a mile long.

The University of Georgia set aside today and yesterday this year and bestowed the honorary degree of master of arts upon Miss Julia A. Fitch of Millington, Ala. to the first woman who has received a degree from the University of Georgia. Miss Fitch is a graduate of the Lucy Cobb institute.